Harry to *Harry*, shall not Horse to Horse
Meete, and ne're part, til one drop downe a coarse:
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learned in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Dowg. That's the worst tydings, that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my fayth that beares a frosty sound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battell reach vnto?
Ver. To thirtie thousand.
Hot. Fortie let it be.
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powers of vs, may serue so great a day.
Come, let vs take a Muster speedily,
Doomes day is neere, die all, die merrily.
Dowg. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardol.

Fal. Bardol, get thee before to *Couentry*, fill mee a bottle of Sacke, our Souldiers shall march through; Weele to *Sutton-co-hill* to night.

Bar. Will you giue me money Captaine?

Fals. Lay out, lay out.

Bar. This bottle makes an Angell.

Fals. And it doe take it for thy labour, and if it make twentie, take them all, I'le answere the coynage; bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meet me at Townes end.

Bar. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Fals. If I be ashamed of my Souldiers, I am a sowst Gurnet; I haue misused the Kings presse damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150. Souldiers, 300. and odde pounds. I presse me none but good Housholders, Yeomens sonnes, inquire me out contracted Batchelers, such as had ben askt twice on the Banes; such a commoditie of warme slaues, as had as leiue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, such as feare the report of a Caliuer, worse then a strook-foole, or a hurt Wild-ducke: I presst me none but such Tosts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then Pins heads, and they haue bought out their seruices: and now, my whole

whole charge consistes of
Gentlemen of Companies,
painted Cloath where the G
such as indeed were neuer S
uingmen, yonger Sonnes to
and Ostlers trade-falne, the
peace, times more dishono
cient: and such haue I to
bought out their seruices, t
hundred and fiftie tottered
keeping, from eating draff
on the way, and tould mee
prest the dead bodies. No
Ile not march through *Cou*
the villaines march wide be
on, for indeed, I had the mo
a Shirt and a halfe in all my
Napkins tackt togeather,
Hearalds coate without sle
stolne from mine Host of
of *Daintry:* but that's all on
uery Hedge.

Enter the Prince.

Prin. How now blowne
Fal. What *Hal?* How no
in *Warwick shire?* My good
thought your honour had
West. Fayth, *Sir Iohn* t'
and you too; but my powe
tell you, lookes for vs all; y
Fal. Tut, neuer feare tell
Creame.
Prin. I thinke to steale C
ready made thee butter: b
these that come after?
Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.
Prin. I did neuer see such
Fal. Tut, tut, good enou

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22285) LONDON, 1622 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Ar